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THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

VOL. V.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

[Continuation of BOOK VIII.—CHAP. X.]

‘Once more,’ replied Jones, ‘affirm, that you have no obligations to me : for there can be no merit in having hazarded that in your service on which I set no value. And nothing is so contemptible in my eyes as life.’

‘I am sorry, young gentleman,’ answered the stranger, ‘that you have any reason to be so unhappy at your years.’

‘Indeed I am, Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘the most unhappy of mankind.’—‘Perhaps you have had a friend, or a mistress,’ replied the other. ‘How could you,’ cries Jones, ‘mention two words sufficient to drive me to distraction.’—‘Either of them are enough to drive any man to distraction,’ answered the old man. ‘I enquire no farther, Sir. Perhaps my curiosity hath led me too far already.’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ cries Jones, ‘I cannot censure a passion, which I feel at this instant in the highest degree. You will pardon me, when I assure you,

‘ that every thing which I have seen or heard since I
 ‘ first entered this house, hath conspired to raise the
 ‘ greatest curiosity in me. Something very extraor-
 ‘ dinary must have determined you to this course of
 ‘ life; and I have reason to fear your own history
 ‘ is not without misfortunes.’

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remain-
 ed silent for some minutes; at last, looking earnestly
 on Jones, he said, ‘ I have read that a good counte-
 ‘ nance is a letter of recommendation; if so, none ever
 ‘ can be more strongly recommended than yourself.
 ‘ If I did not feel some yearning towards you from
 ‘ another consideration, I must be the most ungrate-
 ‘ ful monster upon earth; and I am really concerned
 ‘ it is no otherwise in my power, than by words, to
 ‘ convince you of my gratitude.’

Jones after a moment’s hesitation, answered, ‘ That it
 ‘ was in his power by words to gratify him extreme-
 ‘ ly. I have confessed a curiosity,’ said he, ‘ Sir; need
 ‘ I say how much obliged I should be to you, if
 ‘ you would condescend to gratify it? will you suf-
 ‘ fer me therefore to beg, unless any consideration
 ‘ restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint
 ‘ me what motives have induced you thus to with-
 ‘ draw from the society of mankind, and to betake
 ‘ yourself to a course of life to which it sufficiently
 ‘ appears you were not born?’

‘ I scarce think myself at liberty to refuse you
 ‘ any thing, after what hath happened,’ replied the
 old man. ‘ If you desire therefore to hear the story
 ‘ of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed
 ‘ you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly
 ‘ something extraordinary in the fortunes of those
 ‘ who fly from society: for however it may seem a
 ‘ paradox, or even a contradiction, certain it is, that
 ‘ great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and
 ‘ detest mankind; not on account so much of their
 ‘ private and selfish vices, but for those of a relative
 ‘ kind; such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty,
 ‘ with

with every other species of malevolence. These are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather than see and converse with, she avoids society itself. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of those whom I should shun or detest; nay, I must say, in what little hath dropt from you, there appears some parity in our fortunes; I hope however yours will conclude more successfully.

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the latter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him, but some effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began, as you may read in the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his history.

I was born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300 l. a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather chose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his

A 4

fortune

‘fortune by indulging her in the extravagances she desired abroad.’

‘By this Xanthippe,’ (so was the wife of Socrates called, said Partridge) ‘by this Xanthippe he had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both a good education; but my eldest brother, who unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; inso-much that after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father being told by his master, that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master; though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved; but much more, it seems, than the young gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his mother of his severe treatment, and she as constantly gave him a hearing.’

“Yes, yes,” cries Partridge, “I have seen such mothers: I have been abused myself by them, and very unjustly; such parents deserve correction as much as their children.”

Jones chid the pedagogue for this interruption, and then the stranger proceeded. ‘My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to every thing else but to his dog and gun, with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty; but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting, and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in the country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest scholar.’

‘The situation of my brother made me at first think my lot the harder, in being continued at school; but I soon changed my opinion; for as I advanced

advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours became
 easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holidays
 were my most unpleasant time; for my mother,
 who never loved me, now apprehending that
 I had the greater share of my father's affection; and
 finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken
 notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and particularly
 by the parson of the parish, than my brother,
 she now hated my sight; and made home so
 disagreeable to me, that what is called by school-
 boys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the
 whole year.

Having, at length, gone through the school at
 Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college
 in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the
 end of which an accident happened, that put a final
 end to my studies; and whence I may truly date
 the rise of all which happened to me afterwards in
 life.

There was at the same college with myself one
 Sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was in-
 titled to a very considerable fortune; which he was
 not, by the will of his father, to come into full pos-
 session of till he arrived at the age of twenty-five.
 However, the liberality of his guardians gave him
 little cause to regret the abundant caution of his
 father: for they allowed him five hundred pounds
 a year while he remained at the university, where
 he kept his horses and his whore, and lived as
 wicked and as prostitute a life, as he could have
 done, had he been never so entirely master of his
 fortune: for, besides the five hundred a year which
 he received from his guardians, he found means to
 spend a thousand more. He was above the age of
 twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what
 credit he pleased.

This young fellow, among many other tolerable
 bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a
 great delight in destroying and ruining the youth

of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford as well to himself; and the better, and worthier, and soberer, any young man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he in his destruction. Thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking whom he might devour.

It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my studies made me a desirable object of his mischievous intention; and my own inclination made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his purpose; for though I had applied myself with much industry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleasures in which I was capable of taking much greater; for I was high-mettled, had a violent flow of animal spirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir George, before I became a partaker of all his pleasures; and when I was once entered on that scene, neither my inclination, nor my spirit, would suffer me to play an under-part. I was second to none in the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and disorders, that my name generally stood first in the roll of delinquents; and instead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now accused as the person who had misled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ring-leader and promoter of all the mischief, he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

You will easily believe, Sir, that such a life as I am now describing must be incompatible with my further progress in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasure, I must grow more and more remiss in application

to

to my studies. This was truly the consequence ;
 but this was not all. My expences now greatly
 exceeded not only my former income, but those
 additions which I extorted from my poor generous
 father, on pretences of sums being necessary for
 preparing for my approaching degree of bachelor
 of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so
 frequent and exorbitant, that my father, by slow
 degrees, opened his ears to the accounts which he
 received from many quarters of my present beha-
 viour, and which my mother failed not to echo
 very faithfully and loudly ; adding, " Ay, this is
 the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much
 honour to his family, and is to be the making of
 it. I thought what all this learning would come
 to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his
 elder brother hath been denied necessaries for his
 sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for which
 he was to pay us such interest : I thought what the
 interest would come to ;" with much more of the
 same kind ; but I have, I believe, satisfied you
 with this taste.

My father, therefore, began now to return re-
 monstrances, instead of money, to my demands,
 which brought my affairs, perhaps, a little sooner
 to a crisis ; but had he remitted me his whole in-
 come, you will imagine it could have sufficed a
 very short time to support one who kept pace with
 the expences of Sir George Gresham.

It is more than possible, that the distress I was
 now in for money, and the impracticability of go-
 ing on in this manner, might have restored me at
 once to my senses, and to my studies, had I opened
 my eyes, before I became involved in debts, from
 which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself.
 This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and
 by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom
 he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs,
 for vying, as he called it, with a man of his for-

‘ tune. To bring this about, he would now and then advance a little money himself, in order to support the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people; till, by means of that very credit, he was irretrievably undone.

‘ My mind being by these means grown as desperate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious deliberation; and I had certainly resolved on it, had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful, thought expelled it from my head.’—

Here he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, ‘ I protest, so many years have not washed away the shame of this act, and I shall blush while I relate it.’ Jones desired him to pass over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out, ‘ O pray, Sir, let us hear this; I had rather hear this than all the rest: as I hope to be saved, I will never mention a word of it.’

Jones was going to rebuke him, but the stranger prevented it by proceeding thus: ‘ I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escritore. I took therefore an opportunity of parloining his key from his breeches pocket while he was asleep, and thus made myself master of all his riches. After which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting sleep, though I never once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose and went to prayers, an exercise to which I had long been unaccustomed.

‘ Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escritore, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion; but as it was plain that the person who robbed him had possessed himself

himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful disposition, and much my inferior in strength, and, I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

Luckily for me, I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way.

Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant? said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent question; which he did as follows:

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening (save one) in London.

When you consider the place where I now was, and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before; the necessaries of life began to be

'be numbered among my wants; and what made my case still the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman you love in distress; to be unable to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is, perhaps, a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it.' 'I believe it from my soul,' cries Jones; 'and I pity you from the bottom of my heart.' He then took two or three disorderly turns about the room, and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into his chair, crying, 'I thank heaven I have escaped that.'

'This circumstance,' continued the gentleman, 'so severely aggravated the horrors of my present situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical desires of a woman, on whom I so extravagantly doted, that though I knew she had been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to consent to an action which the world might think so much to my disadvantage. And as possibly she compassioned the daily anxieties which she must have perceived me suffer on her account, she resolved to put an end to my distress. She soon, indeed, found means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed situation! for while I was distracted with various inventions to supply her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

'Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought

• brought on myself; and on the grief which I must
 • have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When
 • I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such
 • was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of
 • being longer desirable, grew the object of my ab-
 • horrence; and I could have gladly embraced death
 • as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my
 • choice unattended by shame.

• The time of the assizes soon came, and I was re-
 • moved by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I ex-
 • pected certain conviction and condemnation; but
 • to my great surprize, none appeared against me;
 • and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for
 • want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left
 • Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what
 • other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concern-
 • ing himself any farther in the affair.

• Perhaps,' cries Partridge, ' he did not care to
 • have your blood upon his hands, and he was in the
 • right on't. If any person was to be hanged upon
 • my evidence, I should never be able to lie alone
 • afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost!'

• I shall shortly doubt, Partridge,' says Jones,
 • whether thou art more brave or wise.' ' You
 • may laugh at me, Sir, if you please,' answered Par-
 • tridge; ' but if you will hear a very short story which
 • I can tell, and which is most certainly true, per-
 • haps you may change your opinion. In the parish
 • where I was born——' Here Jones would have
 • silenced him; but the stranger interceded that he
 • might be permitted to tell his story, and in the
 • mean time promised to recollect the remainder of
 • his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: ' In the parish
 • where I was born, there lived a farmer whose
 • name was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis,
 • a good hopeful young fellow: I was at the gram-
 • mar-school with him, where I remember he was
 • got into Ovid's Epistles, and he could construe you
 • three

three lines together sometimes without looking into a dictionary. Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never missed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of the best psalm-singers in the whole parish. He would indeed now and then take a cup too much, and that was the only fault he had.' —Well, but to come to the ghost,' cries Jones. 'Never fear, Sir, I shall come to him soon enough,' answered Partridge. 'You must know then, that farmer Bridle lost a mare, a sorrel one to the best of my remembrance; and so it fell out, that this young Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, and as I think it was on—I can't remember the day; and being as he was, what should he happen to meet, but a man upon his father's mare. Frank called out presently, stop thief! and it being in the middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know, for the man to make his escape. So they apprehended him; and carried him before the justice; I remember it was justice Willoughby of Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman, and he committed him to prison, and bound Frank in a recognizance, I think they call it, a hard word compounded of *re* and *cognosco*; but it differs in its meaning from the use of the simple, as many other compounds do. Well, at last, down came my lord Justice Page to hold the assizes, and so the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up for a witness. To be sure I shall never forget the face of the judge, when he began to ask him what he had to say against the prisoner. He made poor Frank tremble and shake in his shoes. Well, you fellow, says my lord, what have you to say? Don't stand humming and hawing, but speak out; but however he soon turned altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thunder at the fellow; and when he asked him, if he had any thing to say for himself, the fellow said he had found the horse.' 'Ay!' answered the judge, 'thou art a lucky fellow; I have travelled the circuit,

‘ circuit these forty years, and never found a horse
‘ in my life ; but I’ll tell thee what, friend, thou
‘ wast more lucky than thou didst know of : for
‘ thou didst not only find a horse, but a halter too, I
‘ promise thee.’ ‘ To be sure I shall never forget
‘ the word. Upon which every body fell a laugh-
‘ ing, as how could they help it ? Nay, and twenty
‘ other jests he made, which I can’t remember now.
‘ There was something about his skill in horse-flesh,
‘ which made all the folks laugh. To be certain the
‘ judge must have been a very brave man, as well as a
‘ man of much learning. It is indeed charming sport
‘ to hear trials upon life and death. One thing I
‘ own I thought a little hard, that the prisoner’s
‘ counsel was not suffered to speak for him, though
‘ he desired only to be heard one very short word ;
‘ but my lord would not hearken to him, though
‘ he suffered a counsellor to talk against him for
‘ above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own,
‘ that there should be so many of them ; my lord,
‘ and the court, and the jury, and the counsellors,
‘ and the witnesses, all upon one poor man, and
‘ he too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged,
‘ as to be sure it cou’d be no otherwise, and poor
‘ Frank could never be easy about it. He never was
‘ in the dark alone, but he fancied he saw the fellow’s
‘ spirit.’ ‘ Well, and this is thy story ?’ cries Jones.
‘ No, no,’ answered Partridge ; ‘ O Lord have mer-
‘ cy upon me !—I am just now coming to the mat-
‘ ter ; for one night, coming from the alehouse in a
‘ long, narrow, dark lane, there he ran directly up
‘ against him, and the spirit was all in white, and fell
‘ upon Frank ; and Frank, who is a sturdy lad, fell
‘ upon the spirit again, and there they had a tussel to-
‘ gether, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat : indeed
‘ he made a shift at last to crawl home : but what
‘ with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay
‘ ill above a fortnight ; and all this is most certainly
‘ true, and the whole parish will bear witness to it.’

The

The stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; upon which Partridge cried, 'Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and so did some others, particularly a squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in christendom; and he had not drank above a quart or two, or such a matter of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us! and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood; I say.'

'Well, Sir,' said Jones to the stranger, 'Mr. Partridge hath finished his story, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed.' He then resumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our reader, and shall therefore put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history.

'I Had now regained my liberty,' said the stranger, 'but had lost my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the case of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of justice; and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscious of my guilt, and ashamed to look any one in the face, so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the daylight discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.'

'When I had got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour

deavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: Nay, had my father's pardon been as sure as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with those, who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an action.

I hastened therefore back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time; and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, and a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the most unwholesome diet in the world; and on which (though there are many who never taste either but in publick) there are some who can feed very plentifully, and very fatally, when alone.

But as there is scarce any human good without its concomitant evil, so there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of mankind; I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, so neither are you cloathed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall market as in the deserts of Arabia.

It was at present my fortune to be destitute of that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several writers, who I suppose were overburthened with it, namely, money. 'With submission, Sir,' said Partridge, 'I do not remember any writers who have

‘ have called it *malorum*; but *irritamenta malorum*; *Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.*’ ‘ Well, Sir: continued the stranger, ‘ whether it be an evil, or ‘ only the cause of evil, I was entirely void of it, ‘ and at the same time of friends, and as I thought ‘ of acquaintance; when one evening as I was pass- ‘ ing through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and ‘ very miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden hailing ‘ me with great familiarity by my christian name; ‘ and upon my turning about, I presently recollected ‘ the person who so saluted me, to have been my fel- ‘ low collegiate; one who had left the university ‘ above a year, and long before any of my misfor- ‘ tunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whose ‘ name was Watson, shook me heartily by the hand, ‘ and expressing great joy at meeting me, proposed ‘ our immediately drinking a bottle together. I first ‘ declined the proposal, and pretended business; but ‘ as he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last ‘ overcame my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I ‘ had no money in my pocket; yet not without fram- ‘ ing a lie for an excuse, and imputing it to my hav- ‘ ing changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Wat- ‘ son answered, “ I thought, Jack, you and I had ‘ been too old acquaintance for you to mention such ‘ a matter.” He then took me by the arm, and was ‘ pulling me along; but I gave him very little trou- ‘ ble, for my own inclinations pulled me much ‘ stronger than he could do.

‘ We then went into the Friars, which you know ‘ is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here when we ‘ arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watson applied himself ‘ to the drawer only, without taking the least notice ‘ of the cook; for he had no suspicion but that I had ‘ dined long since. However, as the case was really ‘ otherwise, I forged another falsehood, and told my ‘ companion, I had been at the further end of the ‘ city on business of consequence, and had snapt up ‘ a mutton chop in haste, so that I was again hungry.

‘ and

and wished he would add a beef steak to his bottle.' Some people, cries Partridge, 'ought to have good memories, or did you find just money enough in your breeches to pay for the mutton chop?' 'Your observation is right,' answered the stranger, 'and I believe such blunders are inseparable from all dealing in untruth.—But to proceed—I began now to feel myself extremely happy. The meat and wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my old acquaintance, the rather, as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had happened at the university since his leaving it.

'But he did suffer me to remain long in this agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other, "here, my boy," cries he, "here's wishing you joy of your being so honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your charge." I was thunderstruck with confusion at those words, which Watson observing, proceeded thus—"Nay, never be ashamed, man; thou hast been acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am thy friend, I hope thou didst really rob him; for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to strip such a sneaking pitiful rascal; and instead of the two hundred guineas I wish you had taken as many thousands. Come, come, my boy, don't be shy of confessing to me; you are not now brought before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I would have made no manner of scruple of doing the same thing."

'This declaration a little relieved my abashment, and as wine had now somewhat opened my heart, I freely acknowledged the robbery, but acquainted him that he had been misinformed as to the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.'

"I am sorry for it with all my heart," quoth he, and

“ and I wish thee better success another time. Though
 “ if you will take my advice, you shall have no oc-
 “ cation to run any such risque. Here,” said he,
 “ (taking some dice out of his pocket) “ here’s the
 “ stuff. Here are the implements; here are the lit-
 “ tle doctors which cure the distempers of the purse.
 “ Follow but my counsel, and I will shew you
 “ a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull, with-
 “ out any danger of the nubbing cheat.”

‘ Nubbing Cheat,’ cries Partridge; ‘ Pray, Sir,
 ‘ what is that?’

‘ Why that, Sir,’ says the stranger, ‘ is a cant
 ‘ phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ lit-
 ‘ tle from highwaymen in their morals, so they do
 ‘ very much resemble them in their language.

‘ We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr.
 ‘ Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he
 ‘ must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same
 ‘ time, to go with him and try my fortune. I an-
 ‘ swered, He knew that was at present out of my
 ‘ power, as I had informed him of the emptiness
 ‘ of my pocket. To say the truth, I doubted not,
 ‘ from his many strong expressions of friendship,
 ‘ but that he would offer to lend me a small sum
 ‘ for that purpose; but he answered, “ Never
 ‘ mind that, man, even boldly run a levant;”
 (Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of
 that word, but Jones stopped his mouth;) “ but be
 “ circumspect as to the man. I will tip you the
 “ proper person, which may be necessary, as you
 “ do not know the town, nor can distinguish a rum-
 “ cull from a queer one.”

‘ The bill was now brought, when Watson paid
 ‘ his share, and was departing. I reminded him,
 ‘ not without blushing, of my having no money.”
 ‘ He answered, “ That signifies nothing, score it
 “ behind the door, or make a bold brush, and take
 “ no notice.—Or—stay,” says he, “ I will go down
 “ stairs first, and then do you take up my money,
 “ and

and score the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner." ' I expressed some dislike at this, and hinted my expectations that he would have deposited the whole; but he swore he had not another sixpence in his pocket.

' He then went down: and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did close enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer passed by me up stairs; but I made such haste into the street, that I heard nothing of his disappointment, nor did I mention a syllable at the bar, according to my instructions.

' We now went directly to the gaming-table, where Mr. Watson, to my surprize, pulled out a large sum of money, and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, considering their own heaps as so many decoy-birds, which were to entice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

' Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which Fortune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became rich: so that it seemed a philosopher could no where have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of riches; at least he could no where have better inculcated the uncertainty of their duration.

' For my own part, after having considerably improved my small estate, I at last intirely demolished it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck, rose from the table in some heat, and declared he had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, asked me to return with him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying I would not bring myself a second time into such a dilemma; and especially as he had
' lost

lost all his money, and was now in my own condition.' "Pooh," says he, "I have just borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend, and one of them is at your service." He immediately put one of them into my hand, and I no longer resisted his inclination.

I was at first a little shocked at returning to the same house whence we had departed in so unhand-some a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil address, told us, "he believed we had forgot to pay our reckoning," I became perfectly easy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himself, and acquiesced in the unjust charge which had been laid on my memory.

Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant supper he could well think of; and though he had contented himself with simple claret before, nothing now but the most precious burgundy would serve his purpose.

Our company was soon increased by the addition of several gentlemen from the gaming table; most of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of business: for the true gamesters pretended to be ill and refused their glass, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a sharer, tho' I was not yet let into the secret.

There was one remarkable accident attended this tavern play; for the money by degrees totally disappeared; so that though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sunday, at noon, there was scarce a single guinea to be seen on the table; and this was the stranger, as every person present except myself declared he had lost; and what was become of the money, unless the devil

devil himself carried it way, is difficult to determine.

'Most certainly he did,' says Partridge; 'for evil spirits can carry away any thing without being seen, tho' there were never so many folk in the room; and I should not have been surprized if he had carried away all the company of a set of wicked wretches, who were at play in sermon-time. And I could tell you a true story, if I would, where the devil took a man out of bed from another man's wife, and carried him away through the key-hole of the door. I have seen the very house where it was done, and nobody hath lived in it these thirty years.'

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid smiling at his simplicity. The stranger did the same, and then proceeded with his story, as will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

In which the foregoing story is farther continued.

'MY fellow collegiate had now entered me in a new scene of life. I soon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of sharpers, and was let into their secrets. I mean into the knowledge of those gross cheats which are proper to impose upon the raw and unexperienced; for there are some tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profession; a degree of honour beyond my expectation; for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me from arriving at any great success in an art which requires as much coolness as the most austere school of philosophy.'

‘ Mr. Watſon, with whom I now lived in the
 * cloſeſt amity, had unluckily the former failing to a
 * very great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making a for-
 * tune by his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he was
 * alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged
 * to ſurrender to his cooler friends, over a bottle
 * which they never taſted, that plunder that he had
 * taken from culls at the public table.

‘ However, we both made a ſhift to pick up an
 * uncomfortable livelihood, and for two years I con-
 * tinued of the calling, during which time I taſted all
 * the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flouriſhing in
 * affluence, and at others being obliged to ſtruggle
 * with almoſt incredible difficulties. To-day wal-
 * lowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the
 * coarſeſt and moſt homely fare. My fine clothes
 * being often on my back in the evening, and at the
 * pawn-ſhop the next morning.

‘ One night, as I was returning pennyleſs from
 * the gaming-table, I obſerved a very great diſtur-
 * bance, and a large mob gathered together in the
 * ſtreet. As I was in no danger from pick-pockets,
 * I ventured into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I
 * found that a man had been robbed and very ill uſed
 * by ſome ruſſians. The wounded man appeared
 * very bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport
 * himſelf on his legs. As I had not therefore been
 * deprived of my humanity by my preſent life and
 * converſation, though they had left me very little of
 * either honeſty or ſhame, I immediately offered my
 * aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who thankfully
 * accepted it; and putting himſelf under my conduct,
 * begged me to convey him to ſome tavern, where
 * he might ſend for a ſurgeon, being, as he ſaid, faint
 * with loſs of blood. He ſeemed indeed highly
 * pleaſed at finding one who appeared in the dreſs of
 * a gentleman: for as to all the reſt of the company
 * preſent, their outſide were ſuch that he could not
 * wiſely place any confidence in them.

‘ I took

* I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to
 * the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it
 * happened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon hap-
 * pening luckily to be in the house, immediately at-
 * tended, and applied himself to dressing his wounds,
 * which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely
 * to be mortal.

* The surgeon having very expeditiously and dex-
 * trously finished his business, began to enquire in
 * what part of the town the wounded man lodged ;
 * who answered, " That he was come to town that
 * very morning ; that his horse was at an inn in
 * Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and
 * very little or no acquaintance in town."

* This surgeon, whose name I have forgot, though
 * I remember it began with an R, had the first cha-
 * racter in his profession, and was serjeant-surgeon to
 * the king. He had moreover many good qualities,
 * and was a very generous, good-natured man, and
 * ready to do any service to his fellow-creatures. He
 * offered his patient the use of his chariot to carry
 * him to his inn, and at the same time whispered in
 * his ear, " That if he wanted any money, he would
 * furnish him."

* The poor man was not now capable of return-
 * ing thanks for this generous offer : for having had
 * his eyes for some time stedfastly on me, he threw
 * himself back in his chair, crying, O, my son ! my
 * son ! and then fainted away.

* Many of the people present imagined this acci-
 * dent had happened through his loss of blood ; but
 * I, who at the same time began to recollect the fea-
 * tures of my father, was now confirmed in my sus-
 * picion, and satisfied that it was he himself who ap-
 * peared before me. I presently ran to him, raised
 * him in my arms, and kissed his cold lips with the
 * utmost eagerness. Here I must draw a curtain
 * over a scene which I cannot describe : for though
 * I did not lose my being, as my father for a while

‘ did, my senses were however so overpowered with
 ‘ affright and surprise, that I am a stranger to what
 ‘ past during some minutes, and indeed till my fa-
 ‘ ther had again recovered from his swoon, and I
 ‘ found myself in his arms, both tenderly embracing
 ‘ each other, while the tears trickled apace down the
 ‘ cheeks of each of us.

‘ Most of those present seemed affected by this
 ‘ scene, which we, who might be considered as
 ‘ the actors in it, were desirous of removing from
 ‘ the eyes of all spectators, as fast as we could;
 ‘ my father therefore accepted the kind offer of the
 ‘ surgeon’s chariot, and I attended him in it to his
 ‘ inn.

‘ When we were alone together, he gently upbraid-
 ‘ ed me with having neglected to write to him dur-
 ‘ ing so long a time, but entirely omitted the mention
 ‘ of that crime which had occasioned it. He then
 ‘ informed me of my mother’s death, and insisted on
 ‘ my returning home with him, saying, “That he
 ‘ had long suffered the greatest anxiety on my ac-
 ‘ count; that he knew not whether he had most
 ‘ feared my death, or wished it; since he had so
 ‘ many more dreadful apprehensions for me. At
 ‘ last he said, a neighbouring gentleman, who had
 ‘ just recovered a son from the same place, informed
 ‘ him where I was, and that to reclaim me from
 ‘ this course of life was the sole cause of his journey
 ‘ to London.” He thanked heaven he had succeed-
 ‘ ed so far as to find me out by means of an accident,
 ‘ which had like to have proved fatal to him; and
 ‘ had the pleasure to think he partly owed his pre-
 ‘ servation to my humanity, with which he professed
 ‘ himself to be more delighted than he should have
 ‘ been with my filial piety, if I had known that the
 ‘ object of all my care was my own father.

‘ Vice had not so depraved my heart, as to excite
 ‘ in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection,
 ‘ though so unworthily bestowed. I presently pro-
 ‘ mised

' mised to obey his commands in my return home
 ' with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which
 ' indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance
 ' of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his
 ' cure.

' The day preceding my father's journey (before
 ' which time I scarce ever left him) I went to take
 ' my leave of some of my most intimate acquaint-
 ' ance, particularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded
 ' me from burying myself, as he called it, out of a
 ' simple compliance with the fond desires of a foolish
 ' old fellow. Such solicitations, however, had no
 ' effect, and I once more saw my own home. My
 ' father now greatly solicited me to think of marri-
 ' age; but my inclinations were utterly averse to any
 ' such thoughts. I had tasted of love already, and
 ' perhaps you know the extravagant excesses of that
 ' most tender and most violent passion.' Here the
 ' old gentleman paused, and looked earnestly at Jones;
 ' whose countenance within a minute's space displayed
 ' the extremities of both red and white. Upon which
 ' the old man, without making any observations, re-
 ' newed his narrative.

' Being now provided with all the necessaries of
 ' life, I betook myself once again to study, and that
 ' with a more inordinate application than I had ever
 ' done formerly. The books which now employed
 ' my time solely, were those, as well ancient as mo-
 ' dern, which treat of true philosophy; a word which
 ' is by many thought to be the subject only of farce
 ' and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aris-
 ' totle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable
 ' treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to
 ' the world.

' These authors, though they instructed me in no
 ' science by which men may promise to themselves
 ' to acquire the least riches, or worldly power,
 ' taught me, however, the art of despising the highest
 ' acquisitions of both. They elevate the mind, and

‘ steel and harden it against the capricious invasions
 ‘ of fortune. They not only instruct in the know-
 ‘ ledge of wisdom, but confirm men in her habits,
 ‘ and demonstrate plainly, that this must be our
 ‘ guide, if we propose ever to arrive at the greatest
 ‘ worldly happiness; or to defend ourselves with any
 ‘ tolerable security against the misery which every
 ‘ where surrounds and invests us.

‘ To this I added another study; compared to
 ‘ which, all the philosophy taught by the wisest hea-
 ‘ thens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as
 ‘ full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to re-
 ‘ present it. This is that divine wisdom which is
 ‘ alone to be found in the holy scriptures: for those
 ‘ impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things
 ‘ much more worthy our attention than all which
 ‘ this world can offer to our acceptance: of things
 ‘ which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to
 ‘ us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the high-
 ‘ est human wit unassisted could never ascend. I
 ‘ began now to think all the time I had spent with
 ‘ the best heathen writers was little more than labour
 ‘ lost: for however pleasant and delightful their les-
 ‘ sons may be, or however adequate to the right re-
 ‘ gulation of our conduct with respect to this world
 ‘ only; yet when compared with the glory revealed
 ‘ in scripture, their highest documents will appear as
 ‘ trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by
 ‘ which children regulate their childish little games
 ‘ and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us
 ‘ wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Phi-
 ‘ losophy elevates and steels the mind; christianity
 ‘ softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the
 ‘ objects of human admiration, the latter of Divine
 ‘ Love. That insures us a temporal, but this an
 ‘ eternal happiness.—But I am afraid I tire you with
 ‘ my rhapsody.’

‘ Not at all,’ cries Partridge; ‘ Lud forbid we
 ‘ should be tired with good things.’

‘ I had

‘ I had spent,’ continued the stranger, ‘ about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so sincerely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief.’

‘ Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum*,’ said Partridge. ‘ I then,’ continued the stranger, ‘ betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind; and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

‘ Fortis, & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
 ‘ Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
 ‘ In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.—*

Here Jones smiled at some conceit which intruded itself into his imagination; but the stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus:

‘ My circumstances were now greatly altered by the death of that best of men: for my brother, who was now become master of the house, differed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our pursuits in life had been so very various, that we were the worst of company to each other; but what made

B 4

‘ our

* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
 Polish’d and round, who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortunes with superior force.

MR. FRANCIS.

our living together still more disagreeable, was the little harmony which could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table : for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt. This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them, without being treated with derision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the ignorance of others : but fellows who excel in some little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that art.

In short, we soon separated, and I went by the advice of a physician to drink the Bath waters : for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life, had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder, for which those waters are accounted an almost certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as I was walking by the river, the sun shone so intensely hot (tho' it was early in the year) that I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat down by the river side. Here I had not been seated long before I heard a person on the other side the willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath, he cried, " I am resolved to bear it no longer," and directly threw himself into the water. I immediately started, and ran towards the place, calling at the same time as loudly as I could for assistance. An angler happened luckily to be a fishing a little below me, tho' some very high sedge had hid him from my sight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without some hazard of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first we perceived

no sign of life remaining ; but having held the body up by the heels (for we soon had assistance enough) it discharged a vast quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to discover some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

An apothecary, who happened to be present among others, advised that the body, which seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself of water, and which began to have many convulsive motions, should be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myself attending.

As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who, after some violent screaming, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her house.

When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him ; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

I then went to visit him, intending to search out as well as I could the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other ; for who should this person be, but my good friend Mr. Watson ! Here I will not trouble you with what passed at our first interview : for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.' ' Pray let us hear all,' cries Partridge, ' I want mightily to know what brought him to Bath.'

' You shall hear every thing material,' answered the stranger ; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing time to both ourselves and the reader.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his History.

‘**M**R. Watson,’ continued the stranger, ‘very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

‘I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

‘When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked me stedfastly in the face, and with a smile said, “You are strangely altered, my good friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of our bishops could make a better argument against suicide than you have entertained me with; but unless you can find somebody who will lend me a cool hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or starve; and in my opinion the last death is the most terrible of the three.

‘I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last. That I had found leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps; and at last concluded with an assurance, that I myself would lend him a hundred pounds, if it would be of any service to his affairs, and he would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

‘Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in
‘slumber

“slumber, by the former part of my discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly, gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so little by experience, as to put any confidence in those damned dice, which had so often deceived him. “No, no,” cries he, “let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever Fortune makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.”

“I very well understood the language of setting up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him with a very grave face, Mr. Watson, you must endeavour to find out some business, or employment, by which you may procure yourself a livelihood; and I promise you, could I see any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but as to gaming, besides the baseness and wickedness of making it a profession, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.”

“Why now, that’s strange,” answered he, “neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I believe I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with you only for your whole fortune; I should desire no better sport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket?”

“I answered, I had only a bill for 50*l.* which I delivered him, and promised to bring him the rest next morning; and after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

“I was indeed better than my word: for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered

" the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will imagine, shocked me not a little; to which I may add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

" The other gamester presently quitted the room, and then Watfon declared he was ashamed to see me; " but," says he, " I find luck runs so damnable against me, that I will resolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind proposal you made me ever since, and I promise you there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution."

" Though I had no great faith in his promises, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in consequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to see in return for my money.

" We were prevented from any further discourse at present, by the arrival of the apothecary; who with much joy in his countenance, and without even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himself, which he said would shortly be public, " That the duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a vast army of Dutch; and that another vast fleet hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make a descent there, in order to favour the duke's enterprize with a diversion on that side."

" This apothecary was one of the greatest politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the most paultry packet, than with the best patient; and the highest joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his possession an hour or two sooner than any other person in the town. His advices, however, were seldom authentic; for he would swallow almost any thing as a truth, a humour which many made use of to impose upon him.

" Thus

* Thus it happened with what he at present communicated; for it was known within a short time afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but that his army consisted only of a few attendants; and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely false.

* The apothecary staid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with this news; and then, without saying a syllable to his patient on any other subject, departed to spread his advices all over the town.

* Events of this nature in the public are generally apt to eclipse all private concerns. Our discourse, therefore, now became entirely political. For my own part, I had been for some time very seriously affected with the danger to which the protestant religion was so visibly exposed, under a popish prince; and thought the apprehension of it alone sufficient to justify that insurrection: for no real security can ever be found against the persecuting spirit of popery, when armed with power, except the depriving it of that power, as woeful experience presently shewed. You know how king James behaved after getting the better of this attempt; how little he valued either his royal word, or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of his people. But all had not the sense to foresee this at first; and therefore the duke of Monmouth was weakly supported; yet all could feel when the evil came upon them; and therefore all united, at last, to drive out that king, against whose exclusion a great party among us had so warmly contended during the reign of his brother, and for whom they now fought with such zeal and affection.

* What you say,' interrupted Jones, 'is very true; and has often struck me, as the most wonderful thing I ever read of in history, that so soon after this convincing experience, which brought our whole nation to join so unanimously in expelling
king

king James, for the preservation of our religion and liberties, there should be a party among us mad enough to desire the placing his family again on the throne.—‘You are not in earnest!’ answered the old man; ‘there can be no such party. As bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them insatuated to such a degree! there may be some hot-headed papists, led by their priests to engage in this desperate cause, and think it a holy war; but that protestants, that members of the church of England, should be such apostates, such *felos de se*, I cannot believe it; no, no, young man, unacquainted as I am with what has past in the world for these last thirty years, I cannot be so imposed upon as to credit so foolish a tale: but I see you have a mind to sport with my ignorance.—‘Can it be possible,’ replied Jones, ‘that you have lived so much out of the world as not to know, that during that time there have been two rebellions in favour of the son of king James, one of which is now actually raging in the very heart of this kingdom?’ At these words the old gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his maker, to tell him, if what he said was really true: which the other as solemnly affirming, he walked several turns about the room, in a profound silence, then cried, then laughed, and, at last, fell down on his knees, and blessed God in a loud thanksgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all society with human nature, which could be capable of such monstrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his story, he resumed it again in this manner:

‘As mankind, in the days I was speaking of, were not yet arrived to that pitch of madness which I find they are capable of now, and which, to be sure, I have only escaped by living alone and at a distance from the contagion, there was a considerable rising in favour of Monmouth: and my principles strong-
ly

ly inclining me to take the same part, I determined to join him; and Mr. Watson, from different motives concurring in the same resolution (for the spirit of a gamester will carry a man as far upon such an occasion as the spirit of patriotism) we soon provided ourselves with all necessaries, and went to the duke at Bridgewater.

'The unfortunate event of this enterprise you are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a slight wound. We rode near forty miles together on the Exeter road; and then abandoning our horses, scrambled as well as we could through the fields and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us she could, and dressed my wound with salve, which quickly healed it.'

'Pray, Sir, where was the wound?' says Partridge. The stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. 'Here, Sir,' said he, 'Mr. Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some provision from the town of Cullumpton; but——can I relate it? or can you believe it?——This Mr. Watson, this friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horse belonging to king James, and, at his return, delivered me into their hands.'

'The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to Taunton gaol; but neither my present situation, nor the apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my mind, as the company of my false friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a prisoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but when he received nothing but scorn
'and

‘ and upbraiding from me, he soon changed his notes, abused me as the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms against his gracious as well as lawful sovereign.

‘ This false evidence (for in reality he had been much the forwarder of the two) stung me to the quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable by those who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me; for as we were got a little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand, upon which they shifted for themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the same. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baseness.

‘ I was now once more at liberty, and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads, and all towns, nay, even the most homely houses; for I imagined every human creature whom I saw, desirous of betraying me.

‘ At last, after rambling several days about the country, during which the fields afforded me the same bed, and the same food, which nature bestows on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived at this place, where the solitude and wildness of the country invited me to fix my abode. The first person with whom I took up my habitation was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed; till the news of the glorious revolution put an end to all my apprehensions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more visiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into my affairs, which I soon settled as agree-

ably,

ably to my brother as to myself; having resigned every thing to him, for which he paid me the sum of a thousand pounds, and settled on me an annuity for life.

His behaviour in this last instance, as in all others, was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he desire that I should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to this my history is little better than a blank.

And is it possible, Sir, said Jones, that you can have resided here, from that day to this?— O no, Sir, answered the gentleman, I have been a great traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with which I am not acquainted.— I have not, Sir, cried Jones, the assurance to ask it of you now. Indeed it would be cruel, after so much breath as you have already spent. But you will give me leave to wish for some further opportunity of hearing the excellent observations, which a man of your sense and knowledge of the world must have made in so long a course of travels.— Indeed, young gentleman, answered the stranger, I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity on this head likewise, as far as I am able. Jones attempted fresh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge sat with greedy and impatient ears, the stranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

C H A P. XV.

A brief history of Europe. And a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

IN Italy the landlords are very silent. In France they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Germany and Holland they are generally very impertinent.

'pertinent. And as for their honesty, I believe it is pretty equal in all those countries. The *Laquais* a *Louange* are sure to lose no opportunity of cheating you: and as for the politillions, I think they are pretty much alike all the world over. These, Sir, are the observations on men which I made in my travels; for these were the only men I ever conversed with. My design, when I went abroad, was to divert myself by seeing the wonderful variety of prospects, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, with which God has been pleased to enrich the several parts of this globe. A variety, which as it must give great pleasure to a contemplative beholder, so it doth admirably display the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the creator. Indeed, to say the truth, there is but one work in his whole creation that doth him any dishonour, and with that I have long since avoided holding any conversation.

'You will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'but I have always imagined, that there is in this very work you mention, as great variety as in all the rest; for besides the difference of inclination, customs and climates have, I am told, introduced the utmost diversity into human nature.' 'Very little indeed,' answered the other; 'those who travel in order to acquaint themselves with the different manners of men, might spare themselves much pains, by going to a carnival at Venice; for there they will see at once all which they can discover in the several courts of Europe. The same hypocrisy, the same fraud; in short, the same follies and vices, dressed in different habits. In Spain these are equipped with much gravity; and in Italy with vast splendour. In France a knave is dressed like a fop; and in the northern countries like a sloven. But human nature is every where the same, every where the object of detestation and scorn.

'As for my own part, I passed through all these nations,

‘ nations, as you perhaps may have done through a crowd at a show, jostling to get by them; holding my nose with one hand, and defending my pockets with the other, without speaking a word to any of them, while I was pressing on to see what I wanted to see; which, however entertaining it might be in itself, scarce made me amends for the trouble the company gave me.’

‘ Did not you find some of the nations, among which you travelled; less troublesome to you than others?’ said Jones. ‘ O yes,’ replied the old man; ‘ the Turks were much more tolerable to me than the Christians. For they are men of profound taciturnity, and never disturb a stranger with questions. Now and then indeed they bestow a short curse upon him, or spit in his face as he walks the streets; but then they have done with him: and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever saw; heaven defend me from the French. With their damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour of their nation to strangers, (as they are pleased to call it), but indeed setting forth their own vanity; they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather pass my life with the Hottentots than set my foot in Paris again. They are a nasty people, but their nastiness is mostly *without*; whereas in France, and some other nations that I won’t name, it is all *within*, and makes them stink much more to my reason than that of Hottentots does to my nose.

‘ Thus, Sir, I have ended the history of my life; for as to all that series of years, during which I have lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain you, and may be almost considered as one day. The retirement has been so complete, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more absolute solitude in the deserts of the Thebais, than here in the midst of this populous kingdom. As I have no
‘ estate,

‘estate, I am plagued with no tenants or stewards; my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is much less than what I might have expected, in return for what I gave up. Visits I admit none; and the old woman who keeps my house knows that her place entirely depends upon her saving me all the trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping off all solicitation or business from me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty secure in this wild, unfrequented place from meeting any company. Some few persons I have met by chance, and sent them home heartily frightened, as from the oddness of my dress and figure they took me for a ghost or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night shews, that even here I cannot be safe from the villainy of men; for without your assistance I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered.’

Jones thanked the stranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his story, and then expressed some wonder how he could possibly endure a life of such solitude; ‘in which,’ says he, ‘you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed I am astonished how you have filled up, or rather killed, so much of your time.’

‘I am not at all surprized,’ answered the other, ‘that to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours should appear to have wanted employment in this place; but there is one single act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too short. What time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being! among the works of whose stupendous creation, not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should many of them be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few
‘atoms,

atoms, opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man, who by divine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long, for the continuance of so ravishing an honour? Shall the trifling amusements, the passing pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us? and shall the pace of time seem sluggish to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious! As no time is sufficient, so no place is improper for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns, and shake the lofty forest; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains: it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his majesty; there is not an insect, not a vegetable of so low an order in the creation, as not to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator; marks not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the king of this globe, the last and greatest work of the Supreme Being, below the sun; man alone hath basely dishonoured his own nature; and by dishonesty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent Being should form so foolish and so vile an animal. Yet this is the Being from whose conversation you think, I suppose, that I have been unfortunately restrained; and without whose blessed society, life in your opinion must be tedious and insipid.

'In the former part of what you said,' replied Jones, 'I most heartily and readily concur; but I believe, as well as hope, that the abhorrence
which

‘ which you express for mankind, in the conclusion, is much too general. Indeed you here fall into an error, which in my little experience I have observed to be a very common one, by taking the character of mankind from the worst and basest among them; whereas indeed, as an excellent writer observes, nothing should be esteemed as characteristical of a species, but what is to be found among the best and most perfect individuals of that species. This error, I believe, is generally committed by those who, from want of proper caution in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, have suffered injuries from bad and worthless men; two or three instances of which are very unjustly charged on all human nature.’

‘ I think I had experience enough of it,’ answered the other. ‘ My first mistress, and my first friend, betrayed me in the basest manner, and in matters which threatened to be of the worst of consequences, even to bring me to a shameful death.’

‘ But you will pardon me,’ cries Jones, ‘ if I desire you to reflect who that mistress, and who that friend were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected in love derived from the stews, or in friendship first produced and nourished at the gambling table! To take the characters of women from the former instance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjust as to assert, that air is a nauseous and unwholesome element, because we find it so in a jakes. I have lived but a short time in the world, and yet have known men worthy of the highest friendship, and women of the highest love.’

‘ Alas! young man,’ answered the stranger, ‘ you have lived, you confess, but a very short time in the world; I was somewhat older than you when I was of the same opinion.’

‘ You might have remained so still,’ replies Jones, ‘ if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to say

say incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was indeed much more wickedness in the world than there is, it would not prove such general assertions against human nature, since much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none seem to have any title to assert human nature to be necessarily and universally evil, but those whose own minds afford them one instance of this natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced, your case.'

'And such,' said the stranger, 'will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the baseness of mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that there are thieves on the road. This would indeed be a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat their own purposes. For which reason, though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular persons; yet they never cast any reflection on human nature in general.' The old gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of light, when Jones made an apology to the stranger for his having staid so long, and perhaps detained him from his rest. The stranger answered, 'He never wanted rest less than at present; for that day and night were indifferent seasons to him, and that he commonly made use of the former for the time of his repose, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. However,' said he, 'it is now a most lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to be without your own rest or food, I will gladly entertain you with the sight of some very fine prospects, which I believe you have not yet seen.'

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately set forward together from the cottage.

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As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose, just as the stranger had finished his story; for his curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of sleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this season, glad of the same favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our history.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and deprava-

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pravation of morals in the reader ; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-master, and yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least once sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to any essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters ; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespear, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both ; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to shew their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing ; nor could indeed

have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim* *, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing: for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions shew to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term Romance; a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than Doomsday-Book, or the vast authentic book of Nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such authors, we shall propagate much dishonour

* —Each desperate blockhead dares to write;
Verse is the trade of every living wight.

FRANCIS.

dishonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society: for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent therefore for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius, without a rich vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or, to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy of judgment; for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of

judgment, and yet some few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning: for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, part at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the Belles Lettres is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order; were masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books: for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system only can be learnt in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately
soever

Soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakespear or a Johnson, of a Wycherley or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive *, can convey to him; so on the real stage, the character shews himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions, which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not instruct him in low, nor *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter, strikes with

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much

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two most justly celebrated actresses in this place; as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at,

much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations: for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

CH A P. II.

Containing a very surprizing adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now first opened her casement, Anglicè, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader, but for two reasons. First, we despair of making those

who have seen this prospect, admire our description. Secondly, we very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked, what he was looking at with so much attention? 'Alas, Sir,' answered he, with a sigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good heavens! what a distance is Gloucester from us! what a vast tract of land must be between me and my own home.' 'Ay, ay, young gentleman,' cries the other, 'and, by your sighing, from what you love better than your own home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the object of your contemplation is not within your sight, and yet I fancy you have a pleasure in looking that way.' Jones answered with a smile, 'I find, old friend, you have not forgot the sensations of your youth.—I own my thoughts were employed as you have guessed.'

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over an extensive wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion (for indeed the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid down the hill, and without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed; a woman stript half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval; but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick, that he laid him sprawling on the ground before he could defend

himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked ; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows till the woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance : he presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any ; adding, that heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy instrument of her protection. ‘ Nay,’ answered she, ‘ I could almost conceive you to be some good angel ; and, to say the truth, you look more like an angel than a man, in my eye.’ Indeed he was a charming figure ; and if a very fine person, and a comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness, spirit, and good nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human angelic species : she seemed to be, at least, of the middle age ; nor had her face much appearance of beauty ; but her clothes being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent and gazing at each other ; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprize, and perhaps not a little to his satisfaction, this very person to be no other than ensign Northerton.

Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself. His surprize was equal to that of Jones ; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looked him stedfastly in the face, ‘ I fancy, Sir,’ said

said he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more in this world; and I confess I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me satisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour, indeed,' answered Northerton, 'to take satisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought.'

'Doth it become such a villian as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by assuming it? but I shall waste no time in discourse with you—justice requires satisfaction of you now, and shall have it.' Then turning to the woman, he asked her if she was near her home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent clothes, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace.

She answered, she was an entire stranger in that part of the wourld. Jones then recollecting himself, said he had a friend near who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when hour hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern, had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him: he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprising expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he said, was the nearest town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his di-

rection to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villian, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself, immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might, without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his return found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton; but she would not permit him; earnestly intreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed: 'as to the fellow's escape,' said she, it gives me no uneasiness: for philosophy and christianity both preach up forgiveness of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you; indeed my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of your protection, I should wish to go alone.'

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitation

solicitation to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion. 'With regard to the former,' says he, 'I have done no more than my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way; for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty.'

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him; yet as she frequently wanted his assistance to help her over stile, and had besides many trips, and others accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton.

C H A P. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady, at the inn; with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton; we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to shew a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair hastily following, was laid hold on by the master of the house, who cried, 'Hey-day,

‘ where is that beggar wench going? Stay below stairs, I desire you;’ but Jones at that instant thundered from above, ‘ Let the lady come up,’ in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, She hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid stealing a sly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict chastity as was preserved in the temple of Vesta can possibly be maintained at a publick inn. My good landlady did not hope for such a blessing, nor would any of the ladies I have spoken of, or indeed any others of the most rigid note, have expected or insisted on any such thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very strictly adhered to; and this her vir-

tuous

tuous guests, who did not travel in rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of suspicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purposes in their intention, which, though tolerated in some christian countries, connived at in others, and practised in all, are however as expressly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is universally believed in those countries. The landlady therefore had no sooner received an intimation of the entrance of the abovesaid persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious means for their expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly instrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demolish the labours of the industrious spider. In vulgar phrase, she had taken up the broomstick, and was just about to sally from the kitchen, when Jones accosted her with a demand of a gown, and other vestments, to cover the half-naked woman above stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness, on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakespear hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of inflaming not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his supposed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults on our understanding; and to such the pride of man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I suppose, some of this pride in her composition; for Jones had scarce ended his request, when

when she fell upon him with a certain weapon, which, though it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wise men; nay, by many brave ones; insomuch, that some who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandished; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of these; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any resistance; but in a most cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagonist to desist from pursuing her blows: in plain English, he only begged her with the utmost earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his request, my landlord himself entered into the fray, and embraced that side of the cause which seemed to stand very little in need of assistance.

There are a sort of heroes who are supposed to be determined in their chusing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been so submissive to her, he was no sooner attacked by her husband, than he demonstrated an immediate spirit of resentment, and enjoined him silence under a very severe penalty; no less than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The husband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, answered, 'You must pray first to be made able; I believe I am a better man than yourself; ay, every way, that I am;' and presently

sently proceeded to discharge half a dozen whores at the lady above stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his lips, when a swinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand assaulted him over the shoulders.

It is a question whether the landlord or the landlady was the most expeditious in returning this blow. My landlord, whose hands were empty, fell to with his fist, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewise, had not the descent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident, viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the house at that instant (for fear had caused him to run every step from the hill) and who, seeing the danger which threatened his master, or companion (which you chuse to call him) prevented so sad a catastrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandished aloft in the air.

The landlady soon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to rescue her arm from the hands of Partridge, she let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the discipline of her husband, she fell with the utmost fury on that poor fellow, who had already given some intimation of himself, by crying, 'Zounds! do you intend to kill my friend?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however stand still when his friend was attacked; nor was he much displeased with that part of the combat which fell to his share: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as soon as he received them; and now the fight was obstinately maintained on all parts, and it seemed doubtful to which side fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had listened at the top of the stairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, descended suddenly from above,

above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion desist, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found fresh succours were arrived to his assistance.

Victory must have fallen to the side of the travellers (for the bravest troops must yield to numbers) had not Susan the chambermaid come luckily to support her mistress. This Susan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phrase) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thalestris herself, or any of her subject Amazons; for her form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great mischief to an enemy, so was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herself: her nose being already flat to her face; her lips were so large, that no swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard that a fist could hardly make any impression on them. Lastly, her cheek-bones stood out, as if nature had intended them for two bastions to defend her eyes in those encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her mistress maintained so unequal a fight with one of either sex. Here she presently challenged Partridge to single combat. He accepted the challenge, and a most desperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let loose, began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now Fortune taking her scales from her shelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, against the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put suddenly an end to the bloody fray,

with

with which half of the combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the same favour of their antagonists; but Susan was not so kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and bestrid her enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her hands, without any regard to his request of a cessation of arms, or to those loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the rescue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately sensible of his deliverance; for he still lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands, nor did he cease roaring till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no visible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well scratched face with her handkerchief, ran both hastily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary: for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent.

rent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A Serjeant and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently enquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered herself with a pillowbear which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which he stedfastly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, saying, 'I ask pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived; you can be no other person than Captain Waters's lady.'

The poor woman, who in her present distress had very little regarded the face of any person present, no sooner looked at the serjeant, than she presently recollected

recollected him, and calling him by his name, answered, 'That she was indeed the unhappy person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this disguise.' To which the serjeant replied, 'he was very much surprized to see her ladyship in such a dress, and was afraid some accident had happened to her.'—'An accident hath happened to me, indeed,' says she, 'and I am highly obliged to this gentleman' (pointing to Jones) 'that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.'—'Whatever the gentleman hath done,' cries the serjeant, 'I am sure the captain will make him amends for it; and if I can be of any service, your ladyship may command me, and I shall think myself very happy to have it in my power to serve your ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the captain will well reward them for it.'

The landlady, who heard from the stairs all that passed between the serjeant and Mrs. Waters, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask pardon for the offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, 'Lud! Madam,' says she, 'how should I have imagined that a lady of your fashion would appear in such a dress? I am sure, Madam, if I had once suspected that your Ladyship was your ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my tongue out, than have said what I have said: and I hope your ladyship will accept of a gown, till you can get your own cloaths.'

'Prithee, woman,' says Mrs. Waters, 'cease your impertinence: how can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which comes from the lips of such low creatures as yourself. But I am surprized at your assurance in thinking, after what is past, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I have a spirit above that.'

'Here

‘ Here Jones interferred, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown; for I must confess,’ cries he, ‘ our appearance was a little suspicious when we first came in: and I am well assured, all this good woman did, was, as she professed, out of regard to the reputation of her house.’

‘ Yes, upon my truly was it,’ says she; ‘ the gentleman speaks very much like a gentleman, and I see very plainly is so; and to be certain the house is well known to be a house of as good a reputation as any on the road, and though I say it, is frequented by gentry of the best quality, both Irish and English. I defy any body, to say black is my eye, for that matter. And, as I was saying, if I had known your ladyship to be your ladyship, I would as soon have burnt my fingers as have affronted your ladyship; but truly where gentry come and spend their money, I am not willing that they should be scandalized by a set of poor shabby vermin, that wherever they go, leave more lice than money behind them; such folks never raise my compassion: for to be certain, it is foolish to have any for them, and if our justices did as they ought, they would be all whipt out of the kingdom; for to be certain, it is what is most fitting for them. But as for your ladyship, I am heartily sorry your ladyship hath had a misfortune, and if your ladyship will do me the honour to wear my cloaths till you can get some of your ladyship’s own, to be certain the best I have is at your ladyship’s service.’

Whether cold, shame, or the persuasions of Mr. Jones prevailed most on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but she suffered herself to be pacified by this speech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewise beginning his oration

to

to Jones, but was presently interrupted by that generous youth, who shook him heartily by the hand, and assured him of entire forgiveness, saying, 'If you are satisfied, my worthy friend, I promise you I am;' and indeed in one sense the landlord had the better reason to be satisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had scarce felt a single blow.

Partridge who had been all this time washing his bloody nose at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the instant when his master and the landlord were shaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable disposition, he was pleased with those symptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore some part of Susan's fist, and many more of her nails, he rather chose to be contented with his fortune in the last battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Susan was likewise well contented with her victory, though it had cost her a black eye, which Partridge had given her at the first onset. Between these two, therefore, a league was struck, and those hands which had been the instruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect calm, at which the serjeant, though it may seem so contrary to the principles of his profession, testified his approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly,' said he; d—n me, I hate to see two people bear ill-will to one another, after they have had a tussel. The only way when friends quarrel, is to see it out fairly in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with fist, or sword, or pistol, according as they like, and then let it be all over: for my own part, d—n me, if ever I love my friend better than when I am fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a Frenchman than an Englishman.'

He then proposed a libation as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps
the

the reader may here conclude that he was well versed in ancient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal, than immediately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord; and seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances: for, first, the present company poured their liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the ancient form in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation, besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen fire, where good humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Water's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all drest three days before, and

and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs; with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high ideas which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes nature hath been so frolicksome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the he-

rees in that eating poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention; as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in considerations of a very different nature, which passed unobserved by Jones, till he had entirely satisfied that appetite which a fast of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no sooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with these matters therefore we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whose personal accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality, one of the handsomest young fellows in the world. His face, besides being the picture of health, had in it the most apparent marks of sweetness and good-nature. These qualities were indeed so characteristical in his countenance, that while the spirit and sensibility in his eyes, tho' they must have been perceived by an accurate observer, might have escaped the notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine person and mein; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was besides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured; and had a flow of animal spirits, which enlivened every conversation where he was present.

When the reader hath duly reflected on these many charms which all centered in our hero, and considers

at the same time the fresh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark of more prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, because she conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever censures may be passed upon her, it is my business to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in love, according to the present universally received sense of that phrase, by which love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But tho' the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in all cases, its operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in love with an excellent sirloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damask rose, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the absence, not in the presence of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their ingratitude and deafness, with the same reason as Pasiphæ doth of her Bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practised with good success in the drawing room, on the much more sensible, as well as tender, hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love which operates between persons of the same species, but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose indeed are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of those trades which

deal in setting off and adorning the human person would procure a livelihood. Nay, those great polishers of our manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality those very *spicula & faces amoris*, so often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are sometimes called in our language, The whole Artillery of Love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unessayed either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

‘ Say then, you Graces, you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina’s countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming; say, what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart, of Mr. Jones?’

‘ First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flashed lightning at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth,

forth. Many other weapons did she essay; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity; for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preserves from the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in some cases, defend us against love.

The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappointments, determined on a short cessation of arms. Which interval she employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner should be over.

No sooner then was the cloth removed, than she again began her operations. First, having planted her right eye side-ways, against Mr. Jones, she shot from its corner a most penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was spent before it reached our hero, did not vent itself absolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards as if she was concerned for what she had done: tho' by this means she designed only to draw him from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through which she intended to surprize his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to feel their success. A parley was now set on foot between the parties; during which the artful fair so

sily and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our hero, before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory.'

Here the Graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

C H A P. VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which had a very common, tho' not very friendly conclusion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themselves in the manner which is partly described in the foregoing chapter; they were likewise furnishing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double sense, by affording them matter for their conversation, and, at the same time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the serjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the situation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the serjeant proceeded to that part of her history which was known to him. He said, she was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. 'Some folks,' says he, 'used indeed to doubt

'doubt whether they were lawfully married in a
 ' church or no. But, for my part, that's no business of
 ' mine; I must own, if I was put to my corporal
 ' oath, I believe she is little better than one of us;
 ' and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when the
 ' sun shines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that
 ' is neither here nor there; for he won't want com-
 ' pany. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is
 ' a very good sort of a lady, and loves the cloth, and
 ' is always desirous to do strict justice to it; for she
 ' hath begged off many a poor soldier, and, by her
 ' good-will, would never have any of them punished.
 ' But yet, to be sure, ensign Northerton and she were
 ' very well acquainted together at our last quarters,
 ' that is the very right and truth of the matter. But
 ' the captain he knows nothing about it; and as
 ' long as there is enough for him too, what does it
 ' signify; he loves her not a bit the worse, and I am
 ' certain would run any man through the body that
 ' was to abuse her, therefore I won't abuse her for
 ' my part. I only repeat what other folks say; and
 ' to be certain, what every body says, there must be
 ' some truth in.' ' Ay, ay, a great deal of truth, I
 ' warrant you,' cries Partridge; '*veritas odium parit.*'
 ' All a parcel of scandalous stuff,' answered the mis-
 ' tress of the house. ' I am sure, now she is drest,
 ' she looks like a very good sort of lady, and she be-
 ' haves herself like one; for she gave me a guinea for
 ' the use of my cloaths.' ' A very good lady in-
 ' deed,' cries the landlord; ' and if you had not been
 ' a little too hasty, you would not have quarrelled
 ' with her as you did at first.' ' You need mention
 ' that with my truly,' answered she; ' if it had not
 ' been for your nonsense, nothing had happened.
 ' You must be meddling with what did not belong
 ' to you, and throw in your fool's discourse.' Well,
 ' well,' answered he, ' what's past cannot be mend-
 ' ed, so there's an end of the matter.' ' Yes,' cries
 ' she, ' for this once; but will it be mended ever the

‘ more hereafter ? This is not the first time I have suffered for your numscull’s pate. I wish you would always hold your tongue in the house, and meddle only in matters without doors which concern you. Don’t you remember what happened about seven years ago ? ’ — ‘ Nay, my dear returned he, ‘ don’t rip up old stories. Come, come, all’s well, and I am sorry for what I have done.’ The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace making serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The serjeant asked Partridge whither he and his master were travelling ? ‘ None of your magisters,’ answered Partridge ; ‘ I am no man’s servant, I assure you ; for though I have had misfortunes in the world, I write gentleman after my name ; and as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have taught grammar-school in my time. *Sed hei mihi, non sum quod fui !* ’ ‘ No offence, I hope, Sir,’ said the serjeant ; ‘ where then, if I may venture to be so bold, may you and your friend be travelling ? ’ — ‘ you have now denominated us right,’ says Partridge. ‘ *Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom,’ (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears). ‘ He is the heir of Squire Allworthy.’ ‘ What, the Squire who doth so much good all over the country ? ’ cries my landlady. ‘ Even he,’ answered Partridge. ‘ Then I warrant,’ says she, ‘ he’ll have a swinging great estate hereafter.’ Most certainly,’ answered Partridge. ‘ Well,’ replied the landlady, ‘ I thought the first moment I saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman ; but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than any body.’ ‘ I own, my dear,’ cries he, ‘ it was a mistake.’ ‘ A mistake indeed ! ’ answered

answered she; 'but when did you ever know me to make such mistakes?'——'But how comes it, Sir,' cries the landlord, 'that such a great gentleman walks about the country afoot?' 'I don't know,' returned Partridge; 'great gentlemen have humours sometimes. He hath now a dozen horses and servants at Gloucester; and nothing would serve him, but last night, it being very hot weather, he must cool himself with a walk to yon high hill, whither I likewise walked with him, to bear him company; but if ever you catch me there again: for I was never so frightened in all my life. We met with the strangest man there.' 'I'll be hang'd,' cries the landlord, 'if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a man; but I know several people who believe it is the devil that lives there.' 'Nay, nay, like enough,' says Partridge; 'and now you put me in the head of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the devil; though I could not perceive his cloven foot; but perhaps he might have the power given him to hide that, since evil spirits can appear in what shapes they please.' 'And pray, Sir,' says the serjeant, 'no offence I hope; but pray what sort of a gentleman is the devil? For I have heard some of our officers say, there is no such person; and that it is only a trick of the parsons, to prevent their being broke; for if it was publicly known that there was no devil, the parsons would be of no more use than we are in time of peace.' 'Those officers,' says Partridge, 'are very great scholars, I suppose.' 'Not much of schollards, neither,' answered the serjeant; 'they have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, notwithstanding what they said, though one of them was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myself, if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent to him? and I have read all that upon a book.'——

'Some of your officers,' quoth the landlord, 'will

find there is a devil to their shame, I believe. I don't question but he'll pay off some old score upon my account. Here was one quartered upon me half a year, who had the conscience to take up one of my best beds, though he hardly spent a shilling a day in the house, and suffered his men to roast cabbages at the kitchen fire, because I would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every good christian must desire there should be a devil for the punishment of such wretches.' 'Harkee, landlord,' said the serjeant, 'don't abuse the cloth; for I won't take it.' 'D—n the cloth,' answered the landlord, 'I have suffered enough by them.' 'Bear witness, gentlemen,' says the serjeant, 'he curses the king, and that's high treason.' 'I curse the king! you villain,' said the landlord. 'Yes, you did,' cries the serjeant, 'you cursed the cloth, and that's cursing the king. It's all one and the same; for every man who curses the cloth, would curse the king if he durst; so for matter o' that, its all one and the same thing.' 'Excuse me there, Mr. Serjeant,' quoth Partridge, 'that's a *non sequitur*.' 'None of your outlandish linguo,' answered the serjeant, leaping from his seat; 'I will not sit still and hear the cloth abused.'——'You mistake me friend,' cries Partridge, 'I did not mean to abuse the cloth; I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur* *.' 'You are another,' cries the serjeant, 'an' you come to that. No more a *sequitur* than yourself. You are a pack of rascals, and I'll prove it; for I will fight the best man of you all for twenty pounds.' This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whose bones

were

* This word, which the serjeant unhappily mistook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the conclusion doth not follow from the premises,

were less sore, and whose appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived some part at least fell to his share. He started therefore from his seat, and advancing to the serjeant, swore he looked upon himself to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refused the wager; upon which both immediately stript and engaged, till the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain; for the coachman was disabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this disability to the god of drink, no less than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk; nor was Partridge in a much better situation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other vessel in his house.

The mistress of the inn being summoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing scene; and at the same time expressed great concern for the young lady, 'who,' she said, 'was under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her journey. She is a sweet pretty creature,' added she, 'and I am certain I have seen her face before. I fancy she is in love, and running away from her friends. Who knows but some young gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a heart as heavy as her own.'

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at those words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no notice while the landlady continued in the room;

but after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections. The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

THOUGH Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both, as requires much art and pains too, to subdue and keep under. A conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good breeding.

As Jones therefore might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady;

lady; but when he had perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one Captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She past for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which Captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester, the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that she should accompany him in his march as far as Worcester, where they were to take their leave of each other, and she was thence to re-

turn to Bath, where she was to stay till the end of the winter's campaign against the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To say the truth, the lady had made him an assignation at this very place, and promised to stay at Worcester till his division came thither; with what view, and for what purpose, must be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the disadvantage of the loveliest part of the creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a release from his captivity, as we have seen, than he hastened away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the last mentioned city, some few hours after Captain Waters had left her: at his first arrival he made no scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at least in a court of honour, though he left some circumstances which might be questionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested passion of love, which seeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no sooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was exposed, than she lost every consideration besides that of his safety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate subject of debate between them.

After much consultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the ensign should go across the country to Hereford, whence he might find some conveyance to one of the seaports in Wales, and thence might make his escape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared she would bear him company, and for which she was able to furnish him with money; a very material article to Mr. Northerton, she

she having then in her pocket three bank notes to the amount of 90*l.* besides some cash. and a diamond ring of pretty considerable value on her finger. All which she, with the utmost confidence, revealed to this wicked man, little suspecting she should by these means inspire him with a design of robbing her. Now as they must, by taking horses from Worcester, have furnished any pursuers with the means of hereafter discovering their rout, the *en*sign proposed, and the lady presently agreed, to make their first stage on foot; for which purpose the hardness of the frost was very seasonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester, it being then about two hours before day. But the moon which was then at the full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women, who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility, and as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehension from travelling any longer in so publick a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which

at

at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-Hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption; he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands upon the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters, that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy satisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villany, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and
ring,

ring, would make him amends for the additional burden he was to lay on his conscience.

And here, reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any occasion from the misbehaviour of such a wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper person to be enrolled among the number of such. If therefore his baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his commission.

BOOK X.

In which the history goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be: for, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human nature as Shakespear himself was; and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his editors. Now lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history, as impertinent

pertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly, is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery: every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been

been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our play-house critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head) not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

—nulla virtute redemptum

A vitiis ———*

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention: since from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, than to draw any good uses from such patterns; for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.

well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surmise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects, from the virtues which contrast them, and shew their deformity; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal, man, had confined all the day to her lurking-places, sports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music: now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep. In plain English, it was now mid-night; and the company at the inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the

the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan the chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen, before she retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and coming up to Susan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness, whether there was any lady in the house. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly all the time, a little surprised Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, he had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her.

‘Upon my shoul,’ cries he, ‘I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the house, do carry me up in the dark and shew her to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell me which way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my shoul, I will make you the richest poor woman in the nation.’ He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wretch, to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very indentical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honest way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world,

world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons that a husband shall never enter his wife's apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world : for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way ; for there are some situations, in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may to coarser judgments appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them by the more discerning ; and lucky would it have been, had the custom above mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance.

Knock indeed he did at the door ; but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with such violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise appeared——with shame and sorrow are we obliged to proceed——our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech ; and, without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed,

Jones

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which last some perhaps may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in musick, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a Calabalaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: for which purpose he was proceeding to the bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies than the improving his understanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no sooner therefore heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolster, and taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the Calabalaro entered the room, than he cry'd out, Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is 'the meaning of this?' upon which the other immediately answered, 'O, Mr. Macklathlan, I am rejoiced 'you are here;—this villain hath debauched my wife
and

‘and is got into bed with her.’—‘what wife?’ cries Macklachlan, ‘do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don’t I see that the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?’

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he said, ‘I would have you take notice I do not ask your pardon, for you have *bate* me; for which I am resolved to have your blood in the morning.’

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered, ‘indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be ashamed of your ownself, to disturb people at this time of night: if all the people in the inn were not asleep you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my conscience, ‘tho’ I have no wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat.’

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady’s reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the invention of woman is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered, ‘I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! rape! murder! rape! — And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying, ‘She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, she said, were equally dear to her.’

‘The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the
‘poo

poor woman in bed had done before. She cry'd, she was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed.' Then turning to the men, she cry'd, what, in the devil's name, is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated that he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon, and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair-one, boldly asserting, 'that he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which if they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent.' I never had a robbery committed in my house since I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no highwaymen here; I scorn the word, though I say it. None but honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my house; and, I thank good luck, I have always had enow of such customers; indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my lord ——' and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting. Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her, 'that nothing but a concern for her safety could have prevailed on him to do it.' The reader may inform himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the scene, by considering the situation which she affected, it being that of a modest lady, who was awakened out of her sleep by three strange men in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair sex : for tho' there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress ; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to perform the same character ; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on ; and as well those individuals who have it not as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the reputation of her house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof ; but the lady stopt her short ; and having absolutely acquainted her of not having had any share in the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many court'sies, took her leave.

C H A P. III.

A dialogue between the landlady and Susan, the chambermaid, proper to be read by all inn-keepers and their servants ; with the arrival and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady ; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances,

circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had in the preface to her enquiry spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words.

‘A likely story truly,’ cried she, ‘that a woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the case! I desire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witness for her she did? I beg, Madam, you would spread no such scandal of any of my guests; for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people come here.’

‘Well,’ says Susan, ‘then I must not believe my own eyes.’ ‘No, indeed, must you not always,’ answered her mistress; ‘I would not have believed my own eyes against such good gentlefolks. I have not had a better supper ordered this half year than they ordered last night; and so easy and good-humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worcestershire perry, which I sold them for Champagne; and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome as the best Champagne in the kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give it ’em, and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of such sober good sort of people.’

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceeded to other matters. ‘And so you tell me,’ continued she, ‘that the strange gentleman came post, and there is a footman without with the horses; why then, he is certainly some of your great gentlefolks.

' too. Why did not you ask him whether he'd have
 ' any supper? I think he is in the other gentleman's
 ' room; go up and ask whether he called. Perhaps
 ' he'll order something when he finds any body stir-
 ' ring in the house to dress it. Now don't commit
 ' any of your usual blunders, by telling him the fire's
 ' out, and the fowls alive. And if he should order
 ' mutton, don't blab out, that we have none. The
 ' butcher, I know, killed a sheep just before I went
 ' to bed, and he never refuses to cut it up warm
 ' when I desire it. Go, remember there's all sorts
 ' of mutton and fowls; go, open the door, with,
 ' "Gentlemen, d'ye call;" and if they say nothing,
 ' ask what his honour will be pleased to have for
 ' supper. Don't forget his honour. Go; if you
 ' don't mind all these matters better, you'll never
 ' come to any thing.'

Susan departed, and soon returned with an ac-
 count, that the two gentlemen were got both into the
 same bed. 'Two gentlemen,' says the landlady,
 ' in the same bed! that's impossible; they are two
 ' arrant scrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe,
 ' young Squire Allworthy guessed right, that the fel-
 ' low intended to rob her ladyship; for if he had
 ' broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked
 ' designs of a gentleman, he would never have sneak-
 ' ed away to another room to save the expence of a
 ' supper and a bed to himself. They are certainly
 ' thieves, and their searching after a wife is nothing
 ' but a pretence.'

In these censures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick
 great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman,
 though not worth a groat; and though perhaps he
 had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his
 head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was
 not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a
 man, that whereas he had received a very handsome
 fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny
 of it, except some little pittance which was settled
 upon

upon her; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind; it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the scuffle, his bones were so sore, that added to the soreness of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that she might nevertheless be in the house, though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order, than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awaked by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a screech owl had given him such a serenade at his window, that he leapt in a most horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his clothes with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest: for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected,

especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire : for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow ; but Partridge invited him to stay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself ; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another post-boy at the gate, upon which Susan, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding-habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her court'sies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension, ' If you will give me leave, Madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire ; for it is really very cold ; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his seat.' This was spoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendor of the lady's dress. Indeed she had a much better title to respect than this : for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewise pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef,

' I wish

‘ I wish, Madam,’ quoth the latter, ‘ your ladyship would not think of going any farther to-night. I am terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear the fatigue.’

‘ Why sure,’ cries the landlady, ‘ her ladyship’s honour can never intend it. O bless me, farther to-night indeed ! let me beseech your ladyship not to think on’t.—But to be sure, your ladyship can’t. What will your honour be pleased to have for supper ? I have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken.’

‘ I think, Madam,’ said the lady, ‘ it would be rather breakfast than supper ; but I can’t eat any thing ; and if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you please Madam, you may get me a little sack-whey, made very small and thin.’

‘ Yes, Madam,’ cries the mistress of the house I have some excellent white-wine.—‘ You have no sack then ?’ says the lady. ‘ Yes, an’t please your honour, I have ; I may challenge the country for that.—But let me beg your ladyship to eat something.’

‘ Upon my word, I can’t eat a morsel,’ answered the lady ; ‘ and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible : for I am resolved to be on horseback again in three hours.’

‘ Why, Susan,’ cries the landlady, ‘ is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-goose ?—I am sorry, Madam, all my best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality are now in bed. Here’s a great Squire, and many other great gentlefolks of quality.’

Susan answered, ‘ That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose.’

‘ Was ever any thing like it !’ says the mistress ; ‘ why the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes without some calling here ?—If they be

gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyship, they will get up again.'

'Not upon my account,' says the lady; 'I will have no person disturbed for me. If you have a room that is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you will not give yourself so much trouble on my account.'—'O, Madam,' cries the other, 'I have several very good rooms for that matter, but none good enough for your honour's ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to take up with the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose this minute. Will your ladyship be pleased to go up now, or stay till the fire is lighted?'—'I think I have sufficiently warmed myself,' answered the lady; so if you please I will go now. I am afraid I have kept people, and particularly that gentleman (meaning Partridge) too long in the cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of keeping any person from the fire this dreadful weather.' She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almost can withstand; for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out in the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold lace on her habit: the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now come in. 'She is a true good lady, I warrant her,' says he: 'for she hath mercy upon dumb creatures; for she asked me every now and then upon the journey, if I did not think she should hurt the horses by riding too fast;

* Talt; and when she came in, she charged me to give them as much corn as ever they would eat.*

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey *. It is equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the reverse.

C H A P. IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal dislike and hatred.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow than the waiting woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, shewed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes, must have

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been

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

been witness to the *fouberie*; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house; 'But, Madam,' said she, 'I can get any kind of mutton in an instant from the butcher's.'

'Do you think then,' answered the waiting-gentlewoman, 'that I have the stomach of a horse, to eat mutton at this time of night? sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose none but tradesmen and graziers ever call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however, she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying, 'Very good quality frequented it, she thanked heaven!'—'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than such as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for supper; for though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really hungry.'—'Why truly, Madam,' answered the landlady, 'you could not take me again at such a disadvantage: for I must confess, I have nothing in the house, unless a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone.'—'Woman,' said Mrs. Abigail, (so for shortness we will call her) 'I intreat you not to make me sick. If I had fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of such fellows: is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place?' 'What think you of some eggs and bacon, Madam?' said the landlady. Are your eggs new laid? Are you certain they were laid to day? And let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's gross.—Prithee try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or some of those creatures in the house.'—The landlady began then to handle her
knife;

knife; but the other stopt her, saying; 'Good woman, I must insist upon your first washing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always used from my cradle to have every thing in the most elegant manner.'

The landlady who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it, to restrain her hands from violence, as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not entirely: for though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups, as good flesh and blood as yourself,' with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but she said, that was now too late. 'How-ever,' said she, 'I have novelty to recommend a kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one before.' Then turning to the post-boys, she asked them, 'Why they were not in the stable with their horses? If I must eat my hard fare here, Madam,' cries she to the landlady, 'I beg the kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all the black-guards in town. As for you, Sir,' says she to Partridge, 'you look somewhat like a gentleman, and may sit still if you please; I don't desire to disturb any body but mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed, *Non semper vox casuaris est verbo nominativus.*' This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; but you don't shew yourself as one, to talk Latin to a woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for so delicate a person; and while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, 'And so, Madam, you tell me your house is frequented by people of great quality?'

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, 'There was a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There's young Squire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.'

'And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young Squire Allworthy?' said Abigail.

'Who should he be,' answered Partridge, 'but the son and heir of the great Squire Allworthy, of Somersetshire.'

'Upon my word,' said she, 'you tell me strange news: for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, and I know he hath no son alive.'

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, 'Indeed, Madam, it is true, every body doth not know him to be Squire Allworthy's son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too as certainly as his name is Jones.' At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You surprise me, Sir, is it possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?' '*Quare non?*' answered Partridge, 'it is possible, and it is certain.'

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

C H A P. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid, were.

AS in the month of June the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermillion: or, as some playfome heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent as her face was beautiful: Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when the maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who doth your ladyship think is in the house?' Sophia starting up, cried, 'I hope my father hath not overtaken us.' 'No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant.' 'Mr. Jones!' says Sophia, 'it is impossible; I cannot be so fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time; and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny; and (what may surprize the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. 'Never a barrel the better herring,' cries he. No-

‘*scitur a socio*, is a true saying. It must be confessed indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath trulls, I’ll answer for them; your quality don’t ride about at this time o’night without servants.’ ‘Sbodlikins, and that’s true,’ cries the landlady, ‘you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don’t come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether they eat any or no.’

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned and discharged her commission, by bidding the landlady immediately awake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, ‘he was the squire’s friend; but for her part, she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen,’ and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused; ‘for my friend,’ cries he, ‘went to bed very late, and he would be very angry to be disturbed so soon.’ Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, ‘she was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion.’ ‘Another time, perhaps, he might,’ cries Partridge; ‘but *non omnia possumus omnes*. One woman is enough at once for a reasonable man.’ ‘What do you mean by one woman, fellow?’ cries Honour. ‘None of your fellow,’ answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him saucy jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of

of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, 'I never can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his friend; but surely it is not the office of a friend to betray such secrets.' 'I suppose,' cries Honour, 'the fellow is his pimp, for I never saw so ill-looking a villain. Besides, such profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of these matters.'

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which nature designed for the reservoir of drink, being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited run out. These sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth.

Sophia

Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'come hither, child, now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman in this house, a handsome young gentleman that—' here Sophia blushed and was confounded—'a young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came hither in company with that saucy rascal who is now in the kitchen?' Susan answered, 'there was.'—'Do you know any thing of any lady?' continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that's nothing to the purpose; but do you know of any lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries Honour, 'you will make a bad examiner. Harkee, child,' says she, 'is not that very young gentleman now in bed with some nasty trull or other?' Here Susan smiled, and was silent. 'Answer the question, child,' says Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A guinea! Madam,' cries Susan; 'la, what's a guinea? If my mistress should know it, I shall certainly lose my place that very instant.' 'Here's another for you,' says Sophia, 'and I promise you faithfully your mistress shall never know it.'—Susan, after a very short hesitation, took the money, and told the whole story, concluding with saying, 'If you have any great curiosity, Madam, I can steal softly into this room, and see whether he be in his own bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. 'Why there, says Susan, 'I hope, Madam, your ladyship won't be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your ladyship's name Madam Sophia Western?' 'How is it possible you should know me?' answered Sophia. 'Why that man that the gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But I hope

‘hope your ladyship is not angry with me.’ ‘Indeed, child,’ said she, ‘I am not; pray tell me all, and I promise you I’ll reward you.’ ‘Why, Madam,’ continued Susan, ‘that man told us all in the kitchen that Madam Sophia Western—Indeed I don’t know how to bring it out.’—Here she stopt, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus:—‘he told us, Madam, tho’ to be sure it is all a lie, that your ladyship was dying for love of the young Squire, and that he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful lady as you be, forsaken for such an ordinary woman; for to be sure so she is, and another man’s wife into the bargain. It is such a strange unnatural thing, in a manner.’

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting woman, ‘That she never was more easy than at present. I am now convinced,’ said she, ‘he is not only a villain, but a low, despicable wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now easy. I am indeed. I am very easy;’ and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval, spent chiefly by Sophia, in crying and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection

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for her remained in him, would be some punishment, at least, for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bedfellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the jolly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word king; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating) summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows :

‘ It is, Sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a wise man may sometimes learn counsel from a fool ; I wish therefore I might be so bold as to offer you my advice, which is to return home again, and leave these *horrida bella*, these bloody wars, to fellows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, because they have nothing else to eat. Now every body knows your honour wants for nothing at home ; when that’s the case, why should any man travel abroad ?’

‘ Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘ thou art certainly a coward ; I wish therefore thou would’st return home thyself, and trouble me no more.’

‘ I ask your honour’s pardon,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I spoke on your account more than my own ; for as to me, heaven knows my circumstances are bad enough, and I am so far from being afraid, that I value a pistol, or a blunderbuss, or any such thing, no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die once, and what signifies the manner how ; besides, perhaps, I may come off with the loss only of an arm or a leg. I assure you, Sir, I was never less afraid in my life ; and so if your honour is resolved to go on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that case, I wish I might give my opinion. To be sure it is a scandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman like you to walk afoot. Now here are two or three good horses in the stable, which the landlord will certainly make no scruple of trusting you with ; but if he should, I can easily contrive to take them ; and let the worst come to the worst, the king would certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his cause.’

Now

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: For, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in his proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters, saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house, and that he had, with much ado, prevented two wenches from disturbing his honour in the middle of the night. ‘Heyday!’ says he, ‘I believe they got into your chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground.’ Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put it into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words Sophia Western upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantick in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, ‘O heavens, how came this muff here!’ ‘I know no more than your honour,’ cries Partridge; ‘but I saw it upon the arm of one of the women who
‘ would

‘I would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them,’ Where are they?’ cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. ‘Many miles off, I believe, by this time,’ said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further inquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what there had happened since Partridge had first left it on his master’s summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The Coachman having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was bound to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was

was induced to this by the report of the Ostler, who said, that the horse which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the foreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse; and being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the ostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife, and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs to surprize his wife, before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife

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wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chase, entered a gentleman hallowing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

IN the first place then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had found not only her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with Sophia; for having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and being by her apprised of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and tho' the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader,

der, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were known not to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion. Western enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady: when parson Supple stepped up, and said, 'It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myself assevere it and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou bearest in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently observed her, of later days, to bear it about her.' 'My daughter's muff!' cries the Squire, in a rage. 'Hath he got my daughter's muff! bear witness, the goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a justice of peace this instant. Where is my daughter, villain?' 'Sir,' said Jones, 'I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's; but, up-
on

"on my honour, I have never seen her." At these words Western lost all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stepped up to Jones, and cried out, "upon my conscience, Sir, you may be ashamed of denying your having seen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together." Then turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed-side a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before, yet as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thoughts of further repose; and as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen.

kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet scarcely day light. Among these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commission of the peace for the county of Worcester. Of which Mr. Western was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The justice declined executing his office, as he said he had no clerk present, nor any book about justice-business; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assistance; informing the company that he had been himself bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chusing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master, came over to England, and set up that business which requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had succeeded as hath been already mentioned).

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the present case; that stealing a muff was undoubtedly a felony, and the goods being found upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upon the parson's swearing it to be the property of Mr. Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he said he would sign.